A Wonderful Dream

This Story is set 1 Year after Magical Girl Raising Project
This Story is set a few months before Magical Girl Raising Project: Restart

There was a group of men in black suits. All of them wearing sunglasses, and carrying tommy guns. The room was filled with these men.

Opposing them on the other side was a costumed girl, with a black spandex suit, a starry purple cape, blonde hair, and a mask on her face.

The girl was grinning. She was confident, and not at all scared at the prospect of these villainous mooks.

“Time to meet your maker, lady! Light her up, boys!”

The bullets sprayed in every direction, as the blazing gunfire caused smoke to envelop in the room. As the men fired wildly, the flashing lights and blazing noises surrounded the building.

However, the bullets ricochet off the woman, as they gained speed again and began sticking into the walls and breaking windows.

When all is said and done, the woman was still standing, hands on her hips, standing tall and proud, with a smile on her face.

“Sorry, I don’t believe in any Maker so I’m not going to meet him today! What I *do* believe in is one thing… Justice!”

She leaped towards the men, and punched and kicked her way through the group. Unstoppable. No one could match her as they were all thrown across the room haphazardly. Every single one of them knocked out in one punch.

When all of them were defeated, the woman placed her arms on her hips, and puffed out her chest, flashing a smile.

“Evildoers beware! For you shall never escape the hands of the hero of justice, Masked Wonder!!!”

From outside the window, there was another girl, floating and clapping. She was in yellow pajamas, with cloudlike antennae popping out of her, and a pillow she rested on.

“Whoaa, that was so cool! You’re like a real American superhero!”

“You think so? You think that was a good show?” asked Masked Wonder.

The pajama girl simply nodded with glee.

It's been over a month since Masked Wonder had trained with this girl, and every time she did, it was in her dreams. She never quite knew why, but she'd always remember these dreams, and the skills she received in them would always stick with her in real life.

Konomi Mita had always followed rules. Ever since kindergarten she did. She was taught to follow *The Rules of Kindergarten* by both her teachers and her parents.

Not only was she diligent about rules, she'd regularly consult help from manuals, textbooks, and any other information she could find if she was stuck on something.

Konomi believed that rules keep order, and order results in safety. If everyone followed it, then everyone would be safe. Unfortunately, not everyone shared her mindset.

She remembered the day when everyone in kindergarten decided to play outside in the rain. It was quite a rainy season that time, every day of every week it rained pretty hard.

During recess, the rules stated that you shouldn't get too dirty and cold, and Konomi followed that to the letter.

There was nothing that said you couldn't play out in the rain, but Konomi knew that rainy weather with some grass can create muddy fields. The kids played and rolled around there, and although it was fine, they were supposed to clean up after themselves.

They didn't, being the kids they were, and soon it became lunchtime. Maybe it was because of all the contaminated dirt that the kids had gathered up, but later that week, many of the kids had stomachaches and were sick.

Almost most of the school had gotten it too, even the kids that actually cleaned their hands got sick. People like Konomi as well.

Whatever the disease was, it must've spread to the food. Most of the kindergarten kids were out for a week, and the school actually had a strange case where they had little to no students for about a week.

The week later, everyone laughed it off because it seemed like a funny incident. The week where nobody came to school. For Konomi, however, she could only see the pain in everyone when they were sick.

She felt it herself, since she also caught the disease, and it was a really bad one too. Puking, nausea, visits to the doctors.

Despite everyone laughing it off, Konomi didn't want to see any more kids suffer like that if she can help it.

It was a silly reason, probably something that she wouldn't have thought of had she been older, but for some reason, that feeling, that one feeling of wanting to make sure nobody will ever get hurt. It stuck to Konomi.

Of course, it was quite hard for her to balance her want for protecting others with her obligation to following the rules.

She'd resist any temptation by classmates to skip school, to cheat at tests, and to do anything that goes against both her and the school's rules. Needless to say, she was seen as a bit strict by others.

To her, though, rules keep everyone safe. If there were boundaries, people wouldn't cause trouble. There were always helpful instructions as well. Books and manuals to help you if you're confused.

Konomi always studied hard, too. She had fairly good grades as she continued on with her life, but at some point during elementary, everything was a blur.

Not in a metaphorical sense either, Konomi couldn't really remember much of what happened during her life towards middle school. It's as if the days just melded together.

But the last thing she did remember was that she had gotten a strange new phone, heart-shaped. Using it, she could transform into someone with a cape, black spandex, and a mask.

Not only that, she had amazing abilities and skills. The only thing she could recall were a few words to help her by.

Magical Girl.

How did Konomi become a Magical Girl? She couldn't remember.

Every time she tried to remember her circumstances, her head would hurt, or it would all become a blur.

She vaguely recalled small details, such as helping people, but that was about it.

What was Konomi supposed to do as a Magical Girl? Why was she chosen? Why was there no one to guide her? It was all very chaotic to her.

There were no rules set in place, no instructions, no help.

She even tried to search the internet, but only came up with manga and anime of Magical Girls. Feeling let down, she decided to ask anyone she might know. That included the people she trusted the most, her parents.

"Mom, dad… If you ever became a Magical Girl, what're you supposed to do?"

Her parents simply answered, "Wow, Konomi, we didn't know you were into those things now."

Konomi's research into something she didn't understand slightly worried her parents. Perhaps because they thought she isn't telling the truth.

Konomi wanted desperately to show her parents that she *is* in fact, a real Magical Girl, but that's when she remembered something.

You mustn't show your Magical Girl identity to anyone.

The one thing she remembered. The one rule she remembered. She felt like if she broke this rule, something really bad will happen to her.

With nowhere else to turn, Konomi began looking at the only source of information she could. Magical Girl anime.

She's seen a lot in her research. Really old ones that only had a girl and a broomstick, the ones where there was a team, the ones where it's really a parody, the ones meant for children, even ones that were slightly more mature.

All of them had one thing in common, many of the magical girls helped people. Konomi believed that this was the reason she was chosen.

She recalled her childhood wish, the wish she had to not let anyone else suffer. Perhaps this was her destiny after all.

Konomi wouldn't complain. She'd *love* to help others. But how would she find the time?

First of all, crime is fairly low in the city, there wasn't really much she could do, and it's not like she *wants* crime to happen. Also, she only had a limited time to go out as a magical girl. She's still in middle school, and she needs to study for exams and whatnot.

Rigorous studying and constant patrols made her body tire when she was in human form. She began sleeping earlier and earlier. That's when she began having the dreams.

The first dream was just like any other dream, or at least, this is what Konomi thought. She found herself in a gigantic cloudlike structure.

The clouds themselves had smiling faces staring down at her. The cloud she's on had no end, and stretched on to the horizon.

In front of her, however, was a DVD player. Next to it was a DVD. On the cover of that DVD was a masked hero, wearing a helmet with big bug-eyes and grasshopper-like antennae.

With nothing else left to do, Konomi inserted the DVD into the player.

She watched what seemed to be an old special effects show, a *Tokusatsu* show. She's seen snippets of these kind of shows, but this one was really old. Probably even aired before her parents were born.

A young man had been captured by an evil organization. The young man was being experimented on. However, the young man escaped the facility.

The young man had what appeared to be a belt, and he'd jump into his motorcycle, and as he rode it at full speed, he transformed into a caped hero.

He would fight the bad guys, strike a pose, and save the day.

Konomi continued watching, and watching, and watching…

She continued watching all the way until she woke up the next morning. What a strange dream, to be watching a TV show in a dream.

When Konomi woke up, she barely remembered the contents of the dream. Only fuzzy, hazy memories.

The next day, it happened again, Konomi dreamed the same dream. This was strange to her, as she never really had the same dreams twice.

As usual, she watched the DVD show, and became more entranced in the adventures of this masked rider.

As she continued to watch it, the memories of watching it became clearer and clearer to her when she awoke. She felt a sense of pride.

That man, he risks his life to protect others, but he's not getting anything in return. This was called *justice*. Something that Konomi wanted to do.

But she was just a student, how would she be able to do whatever that man did.

Then she remembered her powers. She was gifted, just like that man. Just like that man, she didn't know what to do with the powers. That man didn't get any instructions either, but he did what he believed in his heart.

Konomi understood now. She was gifted with powers and abilities, and to do right by them, she had to help people, even if there are no rules, teachers, or instructions.

After about a week of the same dream, Konomi finally finished what she assumed was the first season of the show. After the credits rolled, she heard a clap.

Clapping noises that came from behind her.

Konomi looked back, and she saw another girl.

Blonde hair, yellow pajamas, a pillow, and cloud-like things popping out of her shirt. She was clapping brightly and smiling,

"Wow… I really liked that show!" said the pajama girl.

"Who… are you?"

"I knew you'd like the show as well!"

“This DVD player, does it belong to you?”

“Hmm… Maybe? I think so!”

“What do you mean ‘maybe’?”

“My memory’s a bit fuzzy sometimes… I used to be able to just wander around to everyone’s dreams, but now it feels like I’m just drifting in and out…”

That’s when Konomi noticed that the girl had the same phone that she had. Heart-shaped, the Magical Phone.

“Hey! Hey, are you a magical girl?”

“Magical Girl? Hmm… I think so? It’s been so long… I don’t really remember much…”

Is this another magical girl? Wander in dreams? Was that her power? Konomi had so many questions to ask to the girl.

“A-Are you here to help me?”

“Hmmmm….”

“Hmm?”

“Mmm…. Maybe? I feel like I’m supposed to be in your dreams. Haven’t left for a long time, too. So… The answer is maybe! Ehehe…”

The girl was obviously a bit ditzy, but also friendly. She may just be someone that Konomi could ask for to help her.

The girl then nodded her head, and with a huge smile, she said, “I think I’ll help you out! It’s probably why I came here!”

With that answer, Konomi had finally found her mentor.

The heroine of justice! Her name was Masked Wonder, and she was a true hero, in both skill and looks.

And a true hero should have a good introduction!

“My name is Masked Wonder! Evildoers beware! For I fight for Justice!!!”

“Whoa… cool! You’re like an American comic book superhero! But shouldn’t you make it fast and quick?” said the pajama girl.

“Fast and quick, huh? Alright… How about this…”

Masked Wonder took a deep breath,

“I’m Masked… Wonder!!!”

“Hmm… Too awkward, and short. You should announce your presence like a hero! Think of how 60’s American heroes do it!”

Masked Wonder nodded.

“My name is Masked Wonder, Evildoers beware!”

“There you go, there you go! Short, simple, and amazing! But being a superhero isn’t just about looking and acting the part. You also have to learn how to *play* the part, too!”

The Pentagon. Masked Wonder is a longtime ally of the President of the United States. When evil descends down on the world, she’s the one who is called.

One day, a traitor within the ranks of the Secret Service has taken the President hostage, and taken over the Pentagon!

With almost no time to spare, Masked Wonder is called in to-

“Wait, wait wait. Do we really need this kind of setup? It’s a little overdramatic, don’t you think?” asked Masked Wonder.

“Of course! It makes for a better story! Besides, it’s a dream! Anything’s possible,” said the pajama girl.

“Wait, if it’s a dream, how am I supposed to remember any moves I do in real life?”

“Don’t worry about the details! I’ll make sure you remember, now pose for the camera!” said the pajama girl with a wink.

Masked Wonder trusted her mentor. She’d been training for a few days now, and she finally felt like she found a use for her gifts and abilities.

She grinned, and she placed her hands on her hips.

“Time to meet your maker, lady! Light her up, boys!” said the black-suited man as the men fired rapidly at the direction of Masked Wonder.

But the bullets simply ricocheted off of her.

“Sorry, I don’t believe in any Maker so I’m not going to meet him today! What I *do* believe in is one thing… Justice!”

Masked Wonder leaped into the crowd, and defeated them in a flurry of blows and hits. Afterwards, Masked Wonder didn’t forget to strike a pose,

“Evildoers beware!! For you shall never escape the hands of the hero of justice, Masked Wonder!!!”

When all's said and done, the pajama girl clapped,

“Whoaa, that was so cool! You’re like a real American superhero!”

“You think so? You think that was a good show?” asked Masked Wonder.

The pajama girl nodded happily.

“But to *really* up the stakes, you should fight a villain, right? The final challenge.”

“Um… sure! But, what kind of villain?”

“An opponent on your level of course! Another Magical Girl maybe…”

“A-Another?”

“Oooh, I remember one. She was a bit mean, but… I can recreate her, a bit nicer too! Here goes!”

A ten-gallon cowboy hat, and a woman that looked like a western cowboy approached Masked Wonder, and tipped her hat as she took a look at her.

“Hmhmhm, my name is Calamity Mary. A pleasure to meet you, Wonder.”

“Uhm… Hi?”

“This is what I call Beautiful Calamity Mary! It’s her without all her ugly sides, hehe…” said the pajama girl.

“The beautiful… what?”

“Now then, Wonder. Shall we duel?” said Mary as she unholstered two pistols.

“Wait, hold on!”

Bang Bang Bang!

Bullets hit Masked Wonder before she could react, but she was fine. She wasn't hurt in any way.

"Don't worry, it's a dream! Just focus on dodging them so you can do it in real life," said the pajama girl.

Nervously laughing in relief, Masked Wonder nodded, this time with a ready stance.

"Alright, Calamity Mary, bring it!"

"Round 2, Wonder! Draw!"

Masked Wonder and the pajama girl travelled to various other dreams. Apparently, the pajama girl can travel if Masked Wonder wanted to.

They arrived at someone who's personality would resonate with Masked Wonder. According to the pajama girl, this would be a perfect opportunity to train.

The location was a lush peaceful forest, with lakes and streams flowing around it.

Sitting in the center of it, was a girl dressed in blue. Black hair, white tiger cape, and jewels adorning her. She was sitting cross-legged, like being in a zen-like trance.

Masked Wonder peeked from the far side, curious about this girl.

"Hm? Someone there?" said the girl, opening her eyes.

In the blink of an eye, she threw a blue gem, and blue sparks appeared behind Masked Wonder as the girl disappeared and reappeared behind her.

"Hiya!" said the blue magical girl.

"Whoa! Y-You scared me!"

"Oh, whoopsies! Sorry about that. Wow… You're… *real*, aren'tcha? Like, an actual real Magical Girl? Not from my dream!"

Masked Wonder looked around, but her mentor was nowhere to be found. Looks like she's on her own for this one.

"Um, yeah! My name's Mas- Ahem, My name is the *Hero of Justice*, Masked Wonder!" said Masked Wonder as she placed her hands on her hips.

"Wow, you even have an introduction! I do too! Mine goes like this,"

The blue magical girl placed her right and left legs apart, leaned on her right leg, and crossed her arms in front of her face,

"The Sparkling Blue Dancer in the Battlefield… I am… Lapis Lazuline!" She shouted as she kept her pose.

Masked Wonder was very impressed with her. Her eyes widened with excitement as she saw how energetic her partner is.

"Okay, *that*… was cool!"

"Really? I haven't really gotten a chance to show it off to anyone yet, but thanks! So hey, your mentor brought you here to train with me, right?" asked Lazuline.

"Yeah, I guess?"

"Well, mine told me that the Dream World is one of many different places that exist, and that while rare, some Magical Girls can train with partners inside. It's why I've learnt to Lucid Dream."

"Lucid Dream?"

"Yeah, that's why I knew you were real and not just part of my dream! My mentor taught me lots of stuff. It doesn't help me remember the dream details though, so I'll probably not remember much about you when I wake up," said Lazuline slightly dejected.

"Oh… Well that's not good, right?"

"Not really… You seem really cool, *Masked Wonder*, hehe. I'll remember moves and stuff though. Trained myself to do that. So, whaddya say? Sparring practice?"

Masked Wonder nodded, smiling as she got ready to spar with her new partner.

"Alright… Three… Two… One… ReadyornothereIcomeGO!"

A quick teleportation and a kick to the face sent Masked Wonder flying. She was overwhelmed by the strength of this Lazuline person, but being a dream, it didn't hurt as much. So Masked Wonder got back up, wiped her face, and grinned.

In the following days, Masked Wonder became more active in dealing with daily activities.

She found a pile of trash, picked it up easily, and crushed it together into one small ball before throwing it in the garbage.

Then, she helped people find their way when they were lost, or she'd help move cars that were stuck, normal stuff that helped people.

But she actually wanted to face someone in battle. She knew that superheroes fighting supervillains wouldn't happen on a daily basis, but for once in her life, Masked Wonder felt free! Not bound by rules but still enforcing justice.

She wanted a taste of that freedom, and she wanted to fight an evildoer.

Then she saw some of her classmates, being cornered by some drunken college kids. Her classmates were about middle school age. There were about 5 of them, 2 boys and 3 girls, and they were being cornered by 2 drunken college boys.

Finally, a chance to help someone! A chance to become a hero of justice!

Masked Wonder jumped towards a telephone pole, and from the top, shouted her catchphrase to the 2 college boys.

"Step away, evildoers! For I am the embodiment of Justice, Masked Wonder!"

The 2 college boys looked up, "What the hell kinda bullshit stunt show is this?"

Masked Wonder jumped down, and with an easy punch to the chin, knocked one of them out. The other was kicked towards the ground, where he couldn't stand due to his drunkenness.

Masked Wonder smiled and placed her hands on her hips, looking at her classmates.

"Don't worry guys, you're safe now! Courtesy of... Masked Wonder! Hero of Justice!"

With a flash, she jumped back towards the telephone pole and ran across the wires, feeling glad that she managed to save some lives today.

The next day, at school, Konomi sat down and listened to the same classmates that she rescued the other day.

“I don’t know, like… we were being cornered, then suddenly this, this like… weirdo spandex girl comes in!”

Weirdo?

“Yeah she was kinda not right in the head y’know, but she managed to beat up those guys”

Not right in the head?

“Oh yeah, that part was a blur though. You remember what she looked like?”

“Nah, she had like some tight skinned spandex suit or something”

“Weird. Was she trying to go for the sex appeal or something?”

“Hah, what a perverted way of thinking. Still, she did save us, that was something. Gotta admit, she still looks like she’s cuckoo in the head.”

What?

Konomi wasn’t a weirdo, and she’s *definitely* not some pervert who wants to boost her sex appeal. She genuinely wanted to help these people.

She sighed and slumped at her table.

“Ah… That’s not good at all,” said the pajama girl.

“Yeah, and they called me some weirdo pervert girl, so today’s been a *great* day, yep!” said Masked Wonder while pouting.

She ranted to the pajama girl, ranting about what happened today, about how she didn't feel appreciated.

"You feeling okay?" asked pajama girl.

"I guess… It just sucks that I went to all that trouble and they treat it like it's nothing."

"Not getting praise can be a bit tough, huh?" said pajama girl again.

"Look, it's not like I'm doing it for the praise, it's just… I can't just sit there while someone's insulting me- or, one part of me. I can't just *take* that, right?"

"It's good to stand up for yourself, yeah"

"So I shouldn't just let 'em talk to me like that behind my back!"

"Well… It's not good to bully them about it either," said the pajama girl.

"Huh?"

"You're stronger than them, standing up for yourself is okay, but don't let something like that get to you," said the pajama girl with a smile.

Masked Wonder sighed,

"Look, I get where you're coming from, it's just… It's complicated. I'm stressed out about exams, schoolwork, magical girl stuff, and people aren't even taking me seriously, so…"

"So…?"

"I don't know, it sucks!"

"Mhm. Life's complicated right? That's why I like to sleep my problems away! Not care about the little stuff."

"Easy for you to say, you're practically God here, right?" asked Masked Wonder.

"Mm, yeah, but… Even if I weren't, I still wouldn't let it get to me. It's tiring to think about those kind of things. Just breeze through and you'll be fine!"

Masked Wonder took a deep breath, and calmed down a bit.

“Yeah, sorry about the rant, it’s just been an emotional month.”

“Something wrong?”

“Personal family stuff, that’s all.”

“Ah… Alright then!”

“Anyways, I was working on my final pose. Wanna see it?” said Masked Wonder, eager to show her mentor.

“Sure! Go for it!”

Alright, here goes nothing. She’s practiced this with her training partner many times before, so it should be easy now.

Left hand on chest, right hand stretched out, one leg curled, one leg stretched out, and then.

“My name is *Masked Wonder*! I am the embodiment of Justice! I am… a Magical Girl!”

Perfect! *Perfect*!

The pajama girl clapped harder than before, “Whoa! You’ve got everything right! Nice job, good job!”

“Yeah? That’s gonna be my official pose from now on!”

The pajama girl yawned before stretching her arms, “That’s great… Haaauh… Oh… Looks like I’m almost out of time in your dream,”

“So, see you again?”

“Oh… I was saying that… I really am out of time. I’m drifting away again.”

“Wait, what?”

“I was anchored to your dream before, but now I’m being pulled away… so, I guess this is goodbye, Masked Wonder.”

“Huh? But there’s still so many things I gotta learn, I-”

“Don’t worry! If you really need me, I’m sure I’ll drift on back to your dreams.”

“But I… Will I ever see you again?”

The pajama girl smiled,

“Just remember to always fight for justice okay? Don’t let anyone’s words get to you, stay positive!” said the pajama girl.

She held out her hand to Masked Wonder, and she took it, not wanting to let go.

“It’s almost morning, you’re going to wake up soon.”

“I don’t want to wake up, not yet…”

“Don’t worry, you’ll do fine. I know you will! You’ll remember everything you’ve learnt here. Use them to help others, no matter what.”

Masked Wonder nodded.

“No matter what. Okay…”

She would help justice. She would help those in need. No matter what people thought, no matter what people told her, she won’t back down from anything, and her ideals will never be broken.

With the last few moments in her dream, the pajama girl smiled as Masked Wonder said goodbye.

Konomi woke up, her right arm gripping nothing, and as she woke up, she rubbed her eyes. Tears were streaming down her face.

“Konomi, are you awake? Get ready, we’re going to be late,” said her mother from downstairs.

“Yeah, I’m coming.”

Today was the one-year anniversary of her cousin’s death. The long week that she’s been having, the emotional stress. The whole family was visiting her cousin’s family to offer them solace.

Her cousin had died in her 20s, a sudden heart attack. When she heard about it last year, she was surprised. How could she die so young?

Her name was Nemu Sanjou.

For some reason, Konomi felt something when she woke up that day. She felt closer to her cousin than she could before.

She wanted to help her, but she knew there was nothing she could do. Now, she'll use her powers to help others.

Her dreams were hazy, she could barely remember any details now. She still remembered her muscle movements and the things she had been taught.

The one thing she knew for sure, however, was her ideal to help others.

She shouldn't let anyone tell her what to think. Rules and laws could be exploited, though it's their ideals that mattered. That was Konomi's way of thinking.

She is the embodiment of justice. She is a hero. She is a Magical Girl.

She is Masked Wonder.